

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

Vol. I.—No. 31.

Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday, November 22d, 1890.

Subscription, \$2 a Year.



A Composition on "The Cow."
The above engraving, from a photograph by Mullen, is offered to the readers of THE BLADE without extra charge, just as the New York Voice offers "The Angelus."

This picture is intended to present the Prohibition argument to the Farmers' Alliance people.

All previous "compositions" on "The Cow" have assumed that "The cow is a very useful animal." This cow is an exception to that rule.

The original of "The Angelus" is the property of Postmaster-General Wannamaker. The original of this picture is the property of R. B. Neal, editor of The Worker (Prohibition).

It will be noticed that this cow is not a "shorthorn." The only short horns that have ever been popular in this State were on cattle.

This picture ought not to require a "key" to it, but the argument for liquor has been so thoroughly indoctrinated into the Kentucky mind that it requires a diagram to get the people of this country to see any force in anything that opposes it.

A Farmers' Alliance man ought certainly to know about cows and hay—au farmer and know all about 'em. You see this "liquor traffic" is a big thing on wheels. The cow is as big as that farmer and his two-story house put together.

That cow eats a hay stack like that every year. The corrected reports of the cost of that hay say, that the hay that that cow eats costs \$900,000,000 a year;

but we will let it go at \$800,000. A hundred millions of dollars would be considerable, if mentioned in connection with sending the gospel to the heathen, or building free schools, or charitable institutions, but as an investment in Kentucky whisky and beer, that gives to men the "personal liberty" to get drunk and kill somebody, or whip their wives, it's not enough to contend about, and we will let the cost of that haystack go for \$800,000,000, as indicated by the artist, and based on a congressional report of a committee appointed for that purpose.

That calf "Revenue" runs with its mammy and gets every drop of the milk. So that all that cow has to do is to raise one calf like that every year.

Now, the very same congressional committee, made solely of Democrats and Republicans, and without a Prohibitionist on it, reports to the Government that that calf, *as a yearling*, will sell for \$90,000,000 (ninety millions of dollars).

When we get up into the millions, it's hard to think about relative values; so we "cut off" seven eighths from the cost of the hay that the cow eats and from the value of the calf, "not at weaning time," but as a yearling, and we find that we are actually feeding \$80 worth of regular race-horse pure timothy to a cow that does nothing but raise a \$9 calf every year.

THE BLADE wants every Farmers' Alliance man in the whole country to study this beautiful monograph, and tell me honestly if that old Prohibitionist hasn't got a better head for turning business than Uncle Sam, and that Democratic politician, and all those Republican politicians away back by the mountains, all put together.

Lexington Christians Evolving.

I am going to tell you something tolerable Jimmy that you have thought about, and you will say so when you read it.

It is suggested by the fact that my good friend and neighbor in this city has complained several times lately because the BLADE did not get to him all right. I am going to retaliate just a little.

He and his wife are thoroughly orthodox Christian people and have been so ever since I knew them. I have one of these bad memories that never forgets anything, and I nearly always find a chance to get even with a fellow if it takes forty years to do it.

You Christian people are evolving and you don't know it, and you wouldn't care if you did know, and you couldn't help yourselves if you did care, and I have helped you to evolve and I propose to do it still further, and you are not very badly scared by my plain, outspoken proposition.

I have for years been trying to get into your heads that the Christian religion is something to DO rather than something to believe, and the year of the Lord is at hand when the public estimate of a Christian is going to be the man who practices toward his fellow man the good deeds that Jesus of Nazareth taught, and the people won't care a snap whether that man believes that Jonah swallowed the whale or the whale swallowed Jonah, or the whale thing was a fish story that wouldn't do to tell to the minnows; while on the other hand, the man who claims to believe everything in the Bible, and may believe everything in it, who sings psalms and prays and votes for whisky and is in favor of licensing certain unmentionable houses, as I heard a preacher of this city say he was, will be called an infidel and hypocrite. The people that are encouraging this sentiment are pretty equally divided into parties calling themselves Prohibitionists, Rationalists and Cranks.

Without joking, there seems to be a regular demand for an organ-

ization of cranks, and they have found the desired fraternization in Prohibition.

They write letters to me and claim to be cranks, and all three of these orders are equally zealous against the liquor traffic. I have only yet known but one rationalist who is not a Prohibitionist. He is a very learned man.

I am going to recall some facts that you will remember, that will show you the growth of sentiment in favor of the practical in religion and the corresponding secession from Ecclesiasticism and the fear of priesthood.

About fifteen years ago I wrote an article for the Lexington Press called "A Lay Sermon for Preachers," and being a lay sermon it laid flat for them.

The worst thing in it was my ridicule of an Episcopalian preacher's coming out before all the people with a "night gown on" in the day time.

I poked all sorts of fun at it, and raked all the changes on it, and everybody laughed but the Episcopilians; and they didn't laugh worth a cent.

The same genius that now illuminates through that organ then stole the benignant smile that now illuminates the sanctum of the Press.

Captain Jesse Woodruff, in those days, as an employed editor, furnished heating for the Press.

My piece was published in the absence of the proprietor, and Captain Woodruff, by far the most competent newspaper man in the town, was discharged from his position for printing it and has never since engaged in journalism.

The discharge of Captain Woodruff was done by a man of the high order of intelligence of the Press' proprietor, to placate the offended religious sentiment of a part of this community that was so large that the paper's proprietor thought it expedient to do this.

Yet I could print that same piece in the BLADE to day and I do not suppose there is an Episcopalian in town that would be silly enough to get mad about it, un-

til the first time by a reply that he made to an assault that I had made on Sam Jones, a Prohibitionist, but as unmitigated a blatherskite as ever stood in a pulpit. The Methodists were then dead gone on him; but it half the Nicholasville Democrat and the Jessamine Journal say every year about that High Bridge Camp Meeting and Sam Jones carrying on, is true, that Camp Meeting out to be squealed up as a nuisance.

When I flattened out Sam that time the orders to "stop my paper" rolled in on me until I felt so bad that I stopped every body's paper, and went home and went to work on the farm. And yet in this whole State there's not a man that will be fool enough now to stop his paper because what I say about Sam Jones.

Since that time I have said things immensely more ultra in the line of my religious convictions than I had ever said then.

The Lexington Press made an abortive effort to knock out Prohibition by attacking my religious views as Prohibition champion, when I stated this last time, but I do not suppose that anybody in Lexington, except the brother that wrote it, and the type-setters who set it up, can now recall that such an editorial was, last September, written in the Lexington Press.

The fact is that the "world do move," notwithstanding Reverend Jasper's theology and astronomy.

Whenever you gentlemen of the clerical cloth so read and understand the epistle of James, as to realize and preach that the butt end of Christianity is something we have to do; not so much what we have to believe; not only will Prohibition sweep this country, but the party and the people who will have accomplished Prohibition will have a whole lot of other good things to go for, and we Prohibitionists, and Cranks, and simon-pure Christians and Rationalists will have a young millennium here the first thing you know.

If Billy Breckinridge, for instance, were either a Crank, Prohibitionist, epistle of James kind of a Christian, or a Rationalist,

he would to-day be using his brilliant intellectual endowments to get up an International Peace Congress, which even I could almost do if somebody would pay my traveling expenses and run The BLADE while I would be gone. And you would not have that man from Millersburg writing up here to know what good Billy had ever done, and all our folks saying, "Give it up; ask us something easy." Instead of that he worships John Calvin and whisky and Democracy, and preaches the gospel of "tariff for revenue only" as the glad tidings of great joy which should be unto all men.

I was talking to one of these Farmers' Alliance fellows here the other night, and trying to get into his skull that if he would come in and help us in the Prohibition work he would have sober men to make the laws for his people and all of us farmers, and justice would be done the farmer.

He came from the back woods, talked bad grammar, had on a dirty shirt, and wore a nose like one of these old-fashioned red "pinies," that recalled what old Jack Falstaff said of old Bardolph's nose.

That Alliance fellow thought he hit Prohibition a regular sodocatager when he said "I wouldn't care to have Prohibition if I thought the Prohibitionists would stop when they got rid of liquor, but the next thing would be something else."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou has perfected praise."

Right you are, old "piney" nose you sized up the most advanced thinkers among our people. We only want to get rid of liquor as a hindrance in the way of the positive things we want to effect.

Then "The next thing will be something else," and the "something else" will be tobacco and gambling and lotteries and race horses, and immoral books and immoral newspapers and immoral drama. And then we'll have charitable institutions and educational institutions, and we'll have schools to show that the difference between one man's doing good and another man's doing bad, is only because the first man eats beat biscuits and the last one eats soda biscuits; the good man's wife has cooked his cabbage boiled in pure water and dressed it with cream, while the bad man was always eating cabbage boiled with a fat piece of sow bacon.

You good people that have gotten an idea into your heads that there is something that lays it over money to make men and women happy, get your preachers on to this racket, and the first thing you know you will for the first time in your lives know what is meant by the saying "From the days of John the Baptist until now, the Kingdom of Heaven suffered violence, and the violent take it by force—and all men rush into it."

All of my people will be up in the Amish corner, and we'll have meetings that will get away with Brother Wharton's, and the angels will come down here to see what's up and what's to pay.

Mr. George Handy, of Harrodsburg, Talks Like a Man for Woman.

For Mrs. Moore: — Social science affirms that woman's place in society marks the level of civilization. From its twilight in Greece, through the Indian worship of the Virgin, the dreams of chivalry, the justice of the civil law, and the equality of French society, we trace her gradual recognition; while our common law, as Lord Brougham confessed, was, with relation to woman, the opprobrium of the age and of Christianity. For forty years, plain men and women working noiselessly, have washed away that opprobrium; the statute books of thirty years have been remodelled, and woman stands to-day almost face to face with her last chasm—the ballot.

It has been a weary and thankless, though successful struggle. But if there be any relief from that ghastly curse, the vice of great cities, before which social science stands palsied and dumb, it is in this more equal recognition of woman. If, in this critical battle for universal suffrage, our fathers' noblest legacy to us and the greatest trust God leaves in our hands—there be any weapon, which once taken from the armory will make victory certain, it will be, as it has been in art, literature and society, summoning woman into the political arena.

The London Times proclaimed more than twenty years ago that intemperance produced more idleness, crime, disease, want and misery than all other causes put together; and the Westminster Review calls it a "curse that bar eclipses every other calamity under which we suffer." Gladstone, speaking as Prime Minister, admitted that "greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges—war, pestilence and famine." De Quincey says "the most remarkable instance of a combined movement in society which history, perhaps, will be summoned to notice is that which, in our day has applied itself to the abatement of intemperance."

"No one supposes that *law* can make men temperate. Occasionally some sort betrays the average level of liquor intelligence by fancying *that* to be our belief and plan. Temperance men, on the contrary, have always known and argued that we must trust to argument, example, social influence and religious principle to make men temperate. But *law* can shut up those bars and dram shops which facilitate and find intemperance, which double our taxes, make our streets unsafe for men of *feeble* resolution, trouble the *peril* to property and life and make the *massacres* in the hands of designing men to undermine and cripple *laws*."

Going for Our Editors.
Papers of the State, Democratic and Republican, are quoting the BLADE's statement, that in the city of Lexington a large proportion of the population of which are Confederate Colonels, Democratic politics is dished out to them by two editors, one of whom was in the Federal army and the other a home guard during the war. In addition to this, Polk, now of Middleborough, late a Democratic editor of Lexington, was a Federal soldier, and one of the private advisers of Grant; and Townsend, of the Transcript, (Dem.) was the only Union man in Mississippi, when he had to leave there and come North because the climate got too warm for him down there. Does look a little singular.

Mr. Carter on Sacramental Wine.
It is high time that intoxicating wine was banished from the sacramental service. It has driven men to long abandoned habits of intemperance.

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Underwear a large stock of medium and heavy weights in Ladies, Gents and Childrens' sizes.

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RACE AND TROTTING EQUIPMENTS A SPECIALTY.

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Charles C. Moore
Editor

The Farmers' Alliance.

The Farmers' Alliance, that met in this city last week, left here after having made a most pleasant impression on our people. They passed resolutions favoring Prohibition. A majority of them numerically, and a larger majority of them intellectually, are Prohibitionists, but they are without any adequate plan of organization, and do not know how to get at what they want. They are what the scriptures call "wandering stars"—in what the astronomers call the nebulous state; without form and void. They are as a body, with radical individual exceptions, the friends of Prohibition, and our natural allies.

They were pretty haughty, supercilious and independent about their recent political success. I tried to take some of the wind out of their sails by telling them that they captured Kansas simply because Prohibition had paved the way for them, and that it was nothing more than the "Dutch taking Amsterdam." They said they couldn't see it, but they did see it all the same. Then they showed their power in South Carolina; but what was the reason? Henry Grady has given his life for Prohibition down there. If they think they can do anything more than be camp followers for Prohibition, why don't they sweep whisky Democracy out of Kentucky? Their leaders are all right, but they are practicing a scheme on their followers that is almost as bad as either Democracy or Republicanism.

The best men among them are Prohibitionists, and told me their plans. Dr. Alexander, of this city, is a splendid gentleman, farmer as well as physician, and says he is thoroughly in sympathy with the Prohibition party. He says their plan is to take in everything that comes, like the net in the parable that was cast into the sea, and then instruct and assimilate them after they get them in. But I think that without some more definite platform of principles they will find that when the assimilating process is attempted to be applied the difficulty will be to determine what is the standard to which all must conform.

If I could catch on to their complicated and obscure plans, their order is a secret one, and no man can become a member without pledging himself to support it, and that without knowing what it is that he thus engages to support.

I do not think any man ought to do this, and upon this ground if upon no other, I would object to Masonic, Odd Fellowship, Know Nothingism, or any proposition in any form to which a man may be asked to subscribe, without knowing as fully as he can understand under the most favorable circumstances, all about it.

I never liked secrets. I would not be a party Prohibitionist if the order was a secret one.

The Prohibition party has never had any occasion for secrecy, but wants its doors, and its deeds, and sayings, and purposes thrown wide open to the world.

A common saying among them is that they are "not a party." One of their speakers took special pains to deny the truth of this and say that they were a party. The difference is merely technical. Their plans, or lack of plans, are full of impracticalities.

They propose to stand as a balance of power between Democrats and Republicans, and to terrorize each of them so that they will bring out as candidates the kind of men that suit the purposes of the Alliance. If both of the parties bring out men favorable to the Alliance, it is true that the Alliance can have its purposes accomplished without voting at all. But, suppose neither side brings out a man that suits the Alliance, as will almost certainly be the case in a National election, what redress will the Alliance have?

An alligator once swallowed a cat alive and whole. The cat scratched out and killed the alligator. The Alliance men may flatter themselves that they are powerful enough to swallow up one of these big political parties by combining with them to elect a man.

It may look so for awhile, but when it comes to the administration of Governments the Democratic or Republican cat will scratch out.

Each of these parties has shown itself indifferent to the farming interests.

Republicanism in the Northeast cares but little for the farmer, because the farming is not the prominent interest of the country. The influence of the Northwest is so much greater than that of the Northwest, whose farming is the principal interest, that Northeastern Republicanism can manage Northwestern Republicanism without making any concessions to it.

The stronghold of the farmer's interest is in the South, and Democracy, the dominant party of the South, ought to be the party of the farmer. But it is not, and is not likely to be under the present management of the Democratic party.

The men who are elected to office are nominated by professional politicians who live about the towns and who are not in sympathy with the farming interests.

These town politicians nearly always use liquor and money to effect their purposes, and it is therefore almost practically impossible to put into office men who are known to be opposed to this, and the great mass of the farming community of the better class is opposed to this; so that the interests of the farmer and the plans of Southern Democracy are radically at variance.

The plan by which the Alliance people may best accomplish their purpose is to coalesce with the Prohibitionists in their effort to overthrow the liquor traffic; help them to elect sober and moral men, in which event the country would stand even a better chance for representation than the towns, and with this kind of men in office the just claims of the farmer would be most naturally secured to him.

The statistics of our country show that an immense per cent. of the physical and moral evils of the land proceed from the use of liquors. The use of liquor by our politicians, either personally or to raise the necessary amount. That amount being \$150 per month, minus \$50 as pledged by the National Committee.

The National Committee.....\$50 00
Josiah Harris, Char'n., Paducah..... 5 00
G. B. Winslow, Carrollton..... 5 00
C. C. Moore, Lexington..... 2 50
W. D. Bryant, 2 50
Wm. Van Pelt, 2 50
G. M. Brooks, 2 50
Geo. W. Bain, 2 50
J. H. Beatty, 2 50
J. O. Deacon, Harrodsburg..... 2 50
Moore, Fort, Louisville..... 2 50
D. T. Chestnut, Woodbury..... 2 50
D. R. Ronalds, Louisville..... 2 50
Dr. J. D. Smith, Paducah..... 2 50
W. E. Dawson, Bowling Green..... 1 00
Jas. B. Buckner, Somers-t..... 1 00
W. H. Northrup, Cynthia..... 1 00
Robt. L. Cooper, Nicholaville..... 1 00
J. P. Braden, Hopkinsville..... 1 00
G. N. Rees, Owenton..... 50
H. Clay Smith, Owenton..... 50
James M. Coyle, Russell Cave..... 50
A. P. Morton, Lexington..... 50

Total\$96 50
Come on gentlemen with your pledges and increase this to the \$150 mark by November 25th. The Committee has several good men in view, and a careful selection will be made from among them to do this work, and we promise you that through the efforts of such men as we hope to be able to get, our strength in this State will be easily doubled by the next general election.

Overthrow these men at the Ashland House in this city, and the main office was nearly all the time crowded with them.

From this office there is an opening into a saloon. One of the Alliance men said to me, "With all these Alliance men in here, I have been watching that door and it rarely opens. If those were Democrats, that bar-keeper in there would have to employ extra help."

Those of us who have been to the old party conventions and the Prohibition conventions at Lieder-krauz Hall, in Louisville, probably remember the saloon attached to the building that is opened for the old party conventions and unoccupied when the Prohibitionists are there.

If the Alliance people cast in their lot with us we can sweep the country. They can all consistently be Prohibitionists, because that is a platform upon which all moral men and good citizens can stand. But all Prohibitionists can not be Farmers' Alliance men, because a large portion of the Prohibitionists are not farmers at all, and many of our most influential men are ministers and other professional men, and mechanics.

Prohibition may naturally include every honest and sober man in the Farmers' Alliance, but the sectionalism necessarily implied in the very name of the Farmers' Alliance, shows that it can not embrace every honest and sober man in the Prohibition party.

I am myself a farmer and a Prohibitionist, and my interests so balance the one against the other, that I would not naturally feel any bias. I am thoroughly convinced that my interests as a farmer can be best served by the principles of the Prohibition party.

It may look so for awhile, but when it comes to the administration of Governments the Democratic or Republican cat will scratch out.

Each of these parties has shown itself indifferent to the farming interests.

I talked with men in that Farm-Alliance who were as radically opposed to any temperance measure as any Democrat in Fayette county, and who spoke of woman suffrage as if they did not know it was being contemplated by many of the finest people of the country, male and female.

They made arguments against Prohibition that have long since been abandoned by the Democrats of Bluegrassdom,

What is Dr. Alexander going to do with that element? Nothing. He is getting them together for the purpose of educating them, and they are getting him together for the purpose of educating him.

Gentlemen, you are making a radical mistake. You have already received your political education, and are entitled to your "sheepskins." One part of you are Democrats or Republicans, and the other part of you are Prohibitionists and the sooner you divide and let each man go to his own place the better. You are too old dogs to be taught new political tricks.

When you go to decide which party has the model man who is to get the advantage of your balance of power scheme, you will find that some of you will want a man like Morton, who shows his natural instincts by running the "Shoreham" saloon, while others of you will want men like the lamented Fisk and St. John, who want to annihilate the liquor traffic.

Elements so incongruous can not hold together.

Come over into the Prohibition party and help us and thus help yourselves.

The Pledge.

We give below a list of those who have so far subscribed to the State work, and the amount opposite their names indicates that they have done well and are in sympathy with the committee to raise the necessary amount. That amount being \$150 per month, minus \$50 as pledged by the National Committee.

The National Committee.....\$50 00
Josiah Harris, Char'n., Paducah..... 5 00
G. B. Winslow, Carrollton..... 5 00
C. C. Moore, Lexington..... 2 50
W. D. Bryant, 2 50
W. M. Van Pelt, 2 50
G. M. Brooks, 2 50
Geo. W. Bain, 2 50
J. H. Beatty, 2 50
J. O. Deacon, Harrodsburg..... 2 50
Moore, Fort, Louisville..... 2 50
D. T. Chestnut, Woodbury..... 2 50
D. R. Ronalds, Louisville..... 2 50
Dr. J. D. Smith, Paducah..... 2 50
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Jas. B. Buckner, Somers-t..... 1 00
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Josiah Harris, Char'n., Paducah, Ky.

By G. M. Brooks.

November, 1890.
Josiah Harris, Chairman Prohibition State Executive Committee of Kentucky.

I do hereby agree to pay \$— per month to the treasurer of said Prohibition State Executive Committee for the period of twelve months, commencing with this month and ending with the month of October, 1891, subject to the following conditions:

1. This pledge shall be binding upon me only when by similar pledges your Committee have secured not less than one hundred dollars per month for said time.

2. This agreement shall not become a claim upon my estate in the event of my death occurring during the time for which this pledge is made.

Name.....
City or town.....
County.....
State.....

LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 17, '90.

Char. C. Moore, Esq. Editor Blade.
I enclose you for publication a complete list of the subscribers to the State Fund, as far as I know and have in my possession.

At the bottom of which you will see facsimile of pledge, that should appear, in order that those who do not get the original blank by mail can sign the one in the Blade and send it in to the Committee.

Any comment you may think proper on this subject will be appreciated by the Committee.

Yours Truly,
G. M. Brooks,
116 E. Maxwell Street.

III the Criminal.
Quit abusing and fighting the saloon keeper; hit nearer home and nail the saloon voter. You'll find him in the saloon now. He is the chief sinner

Beatty Fence.

I have as a farmer used the following varieties of fencing: stone, post and rail, plank and post, barbed wire, linked wire, Virginia worm, picket and runner, and three kinds of wire and picket fence, including the "Beatty fence," made by D. H. Beatty, Prohibitionist and crank of this city, and I hereby testify that in a half dozen of the most important elements it is the best fence I ever saw.

Swear to, on the Dictionary, by me this October 1, year of our Lord,

CHARLES C. MOORE,
Prohibitionist and Crank

I am in Trouble With the Cen-
sus Again.

The chances are that The Blade will miss its next issue.

I was a census enumerator and have not done my work to the satisfaction of the Government.

It will be remembered by some of my readers that after the first issue of The Blade, of the last series, I had to stop and go over my district to get fuller accounts of disengaged persons.

This time the Government says I have not counted all the deaths that have occurred in my district during the Census year. I want it to make me right.

The Blade and I have had a pretty hot time up to date. They sometimes stop a buzz saw to let it cool off, and make by it in the long run.

I shall use the missing week to let things cool off some, and to cool off some myself, and calculate my bearings. I hope I will come out a better man, and that I will make a better paper.

I hope I won't do any more quarelling. I am tired of it, and suppose some others are. If I do any more they will have to get a new batch.

I may have said some pretty ugly things, but some awful ugly ones have been said about me, and to me.

On the liquor issue I am right, and every body that opposes me is wrong, but things have been too exciting for an old coon like I am, and I am going to make another effort to "tone down" after this.

It's a solemn duty to go over the country and count the people that have died. I hope I may be properly impressed by it.

May be "there is destiny that shapes our ends; rough hew them as we will," and it may be that this is a case of that kind, with some inscrutable purpose of good in it.

Let us reader and writer, hope that it may be.

RETURN OF MCGINTY.

WHAT OUR FELLOW CITIZEN FOUND DOWN AT THE BOTTOM.

Some Political Observations by a Two Eyed Citizen—Reported by E. J. Wheeler for the Benefit of Those Who Are Amused with Particular Blindness.

McGinty the famous, having returned from the bottom, not of the sea, as is generally supposed, but of the cesspool of politics, herein renders a true account of what's down there.

The fault lies with our eye doctors.

That millions of voters should have been allowed, with a few exceptions, to go blind in one eye is a terrible reproach to the culprits.

Yet this is a fact. Whenever it comes to an examination of the cesspool of politics every Republican has one far sighted, wide open eye for the corruption from the broad standpoint of public necessity. If I insist on the continuance of the saloon, in order for me to get my beer conveniently, then I insist on retaining the cesspool. No cesspool, no saloon. No saloon, no beer—unless you make it for yourself. All this is McGinty, let 'er go. The more we care for the gratification of hi private appetite for beer than his care for his country ought to crawl down a sewer pipe—a small one, so he'll get stuck and can't get out.

I'd like to know anyhow if we wouldn't be better off all round without the business.

Let alcohol stand on the same basis that other poisons stand on, and let the doctors administer it to those who really need it, as they administer other poisons. Put the saloon on the same basis as the opium joint, and then put a party in power that will enforce the law if it has to turn the hose on every beer guzzling anarchist and personal liberty howler in the city.

It's got to come to that, says he, and the quicker the better. So count me in the Prohibition party. It isn't very big yet, but it has the nerve to tackle that cesspool in the right way, and I like nerve.

McGinty is positive that the cesspool is rank on both sides. It is one cesspool, and the chief source of corruption is the same for it all—that is to say, the bungholes, or rather two bungholes—one in the whisky barrel, the other in the beer keg.

McGinty says that until a dead set is made at these bungholes and those who control them all the municipal leagues and reform clubs of creation may skin the scum off the cesspool until the crack of doom without making it wholesome.

That is what McGinty says. He ought to know, for he has been to the bottom of things.

Look at it, he says—one-third of the Republican primaries and two-thirds of the Democratic primaries in New York, and nearly three-fourths in Brooklyn, held, by actual count, in saloons.

Look at it, says he: twelve of the Republican clubs in New York city in the last presidential campaign were named after liquor dealers, and supported and controlled by them! And it was the New York vote that decided the presidential election!

People talk about Tammany, says he. What is Tammany but an organization of saloon keepers and their dairymen?

Our general committee of 4,000 members, nearly 700 are liquor dealers. You might blow up Tammany Hall as high as Hell Gate, and with the saloons left we would have a new Tammany as bad as the old. People thought it was Tweed who made Tammany so powerful. Tweed went to the penitentiary, and then they thought it was Kelly. Kelly died, and now they think it is all due to Croker, Grant, Gilroy and Cockran. But pshaw! the big four might die tomorrow from softening of the conscience, and the saloons would keep Tammany just where it is now. The only way to beat Tammany Hall at present is to get up another organization with more saloon keepers in it than Tammany has—and then it will be just as bad as Tammany.

The secret of Tammany's success is

RACKET STORE!

11 & 13 W. Main St.

The cool weather will soon be here. We are fixed for it with the largest stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

We have ever shown. Underwear for Men at 20

The Troubles of a Prohibition Editor.

Considering that I do the best I know how, I reckon I have more trouble than any man in the United States, except my wife, dear woman, and it's all about this paper.

Now to a man who is reading Bro. Bell's editorial about me, in the Georgetown Times, it sounds like he is "making" a pretty good case. Bro. Bell amuses me and makes me mad too. I found out away years ago that he would get mad every time I poked any fun at him, and whenever I want to say something mean about any newspaper I stick it on the Georgetown Times, and I have never yet failed to stir him.

Anybody can run a newspaper like he is doing. All in the world he has to do to bring on the Democrats, and above the Republicans, and its a success every time.

But Bro. Bell makes a point that I am glad of, as it gives me an opportunity to explain.

It is that my paper recently shows that I have gotten from under the influence of my wife, that I promised should read my proof sheets, and give it the gentleness that hangs like a heavenly halo around everything that a woman like she is, does.

In the first place it proved not to be practicable for her to do so, for she is eight miles in the country managing the farm to make some thing to feed me and the children, in case The Blade don't pan out any good for us, and sometimes I have to write in town.

But that is not all. Brother Bell; the finest Christian women in Fayette county begged her to turn me loose and let me run it my own way, for they said we were leaving all the seasoning out of it, and I could see plainly that these rascally papers in this town were all in cahoot to do the innocuous desuetude act on me, and leave the impression that I got scared and had to hant in my horns; and at that rate in three months The Blade would have gotten down to the level of these papers here. But if Bro. Bell wants to try a little experiment I will send him down a dozen copies of The Bluegrass Blade as a present, and he may send a boy out with them and the Georgetown Times and see which sell faster.

I know that I am right, and that Bro. Bell, and every Democratic newspaper in the State, is wrong, and they know it just as well as I do.

There is hardly a Christian woman in the city of Lexington, that is not for me; and Mrs. Sam Clay, the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, as bright as a brand new dollar, and who ought to be the Superintendent of the City Schools, instead of Cassidy, told me the other day, with tears and smiles in her eyes at the same time, of the singular way she got the money to pay for The Blade, and how she had told her children that she knew the Lord was going to arrange it some how.

There's not a lady around at this institution on Market street, that finds horses for the poor, that is not a friend of The Blade, and the Sister Superior, or St. Joseph's Hospital, gives me a cordial shake hands and kindly words, and if I have a friend among the women of Lexington, it is Mrs. White, the most zealous worker in the Catholic Church. And yet all of them know that I don't believe much more in Catholicism than I do in Mohamed.

If you will read Carlisle you will find that he was a nice man, and the boss of all the Prohibitionists that ever lived or died.

Besides this, a woman from an unmentionable house in this city writes me a letter of thanks for my crusade against the liquor intimacy that she says took her where she is.

Brother Bell, I serve notice on you that neither you nor the whole Democratic party can down the W. C. T. U., if there's a God in Heaven, or justice on the earth and your injured innocence racket does not fool me worth a cent, nor a single one of the Prohibitionists of Scott county, to whom you appeal, when you do the baby act.

You and every editor in Lexington know you are wrong and are violating your consciences every day and night of your lives that you live, but you are too conceited to admit that you are wrong, and you don't want to jeopardise a success with a Democratic paper by exposing a cause whose success in your judgment, hangs wavering in the balance. It may be that you are right in supposing that it may not succeed, but you know that it is an issue so paramount to everything else in American politics, that only he can claim to be all a man who espouses it regardless of cost.

If you Democratic editors want to make money like Judas Iscariot, for a while possibly proposed to do it, you may do so, but I'll be dogged if I don't see that you shall not successfully pose as martyrs beside.

It is a disgrace to you and all the newspapers in Lexington that on

poor little Prohibition paper can keep you all crying half the time, and appealing to the public for sympathy for the way the BLADE treats you. If Prohibition is wrong, and Democracy is right, why don't you answer me with arguments that knock the stuffing out of Prohibition? It is a fact that while about forty fellows proposed to quiet me by brute force since the BLADE started the last time, nobody has ever proposed to do it by argument. You are bound to see this and ought to know that it will get in its work upon Democracy.

When I allude to Democratic papers I do not count the Leader of this city as anything. Mr. Howard calls it "weak kneed," and that is the opinion of it in the city.

It is very valiant in its attacks upon things a thousand miles off from here, but you will find that it is not going to say much against Democracy in Lexington.

If there is anything in the world that I do know, it is theology and Prohibition. I know the sentiments of this country upon these two subjects, just like I had my fingers on the public's pulse, and it doesn't cost me any trouble to find out. They meet me on the street and tell me, and write me letters from a distance and tell me. The last issue of the BLADE was one of the most popular ones that I have issued.

Old Dr. Chinn writes, "I like your last paper." H. P. Montgomery, your Georgetown banker, sends his money and ends a complimentary letter by saying, "May on McDuff." Hon. Hart Boswell is reported to me as having said "The last issue alone is worth a dollar, and the BLADE is the cheapest paper in the United States." Brother Wilson, the carriage man, said "Brother Moore my wife and I just laughed and laughed at the bumble bee story." Mrs. Potts, the magazine writer, says, "Mr. Moore you ought not to waste your time on this town, but you ought to get a salary like Bill Nye." Judge Denny says it was a boss. A gentleman that I did not know called across the street and said, "Charley that last one was dandy." Another man threw two dollars across the muddy street to me and went on, and didn't want any receipt." Townsend said "I wouldn't take a dollar for mine; even the Major laughed." W. F. White said "It is worth more than every other paper in the town," and handed me his two dollars. Captain Bernard Giltner said, "Charlie I am coming around with my two dollars soon; I was just in a saloon taking a drink and I said to the bar-keeper, you fellows, of all the fellows in town are the very ones that ought to take Moore's paper. He don't jump on you saloon fellows like the other temperance papers do, he goes for the big fellows. You all know you are wrong, and so I do and so does he."

Griffin, the coal man, says "Give it to them; I will give you an advertisement." Dr. Caldwell, one of the hand-somest men in town, stops a magnificient black horse he was riding and says, "Mr. Moore, I am for you. I am in a business that shows the evil effects of whisky." Mr. A. P. Morris says "I am a poor man, but I have got \$50 for you to start a day." Mr. Voght that keeps a nice grocery and doesn't sell whisky says, "My wife can't wait from one week to another to get THE BLADE and asks me for it three or four times a day." A sadly crippled up looking elderly man that I did not know, said "I am a carpenter and fell off a house and broke my ribs, but just as soon as I can get some money I am going to pay you for THE BLADE; let it come on."

Townsend says, Saloon keeper Councilman Tedly Mehan was figuring somehow to get the BLADE regularly, so as not to let me know it.

Saloon-keeper Jones was tickled over the way Mrs. Henry and I did up that Versailles futsal-keeper, that sang in the church choir.

Ollie Redd said "I am mighty glad they haven't killed you."

Dr. Alexander says "We are going to manage the Farmers' Alliance so that we will vote with you."

Mrs. Scott, mother of the Opera House man, said, "I want to shake hands with you as all the ladies do."

Miss Hoyt says, "Mr. Moore, don't let them make you leave the spice out of your paper."

Mrs. Calloway says "you see my yellow ribbon; we are for you."

Another fellow writes in a letter and sends his money and says, "here's another God bless you."

Rev. L. A. Cutler, from Richmond, Va., gives me his prayers and blessings.

William Failey and James M. Graves say I am right.

P. S.—Since the above was written Mr. C. F. Allard, father of the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, says "I am for you Brother Moore; you are

on the right line," and Mr. Moses Kaufman, one of the broadest minded men in the town, in his gentlemanly and kind and forcible way, gives me a good rap across the knuckles for things that I have said that he does not approve of.

It's awful hard to please them all.

NAME.

Messrs. James C. Wallace, President, J. T. Patterson, and Professor R. de Roode, who subscribed to the stock of THE BLADE, have paid their money as a subscription to the paper. The first two as what they thought the best means of helping THE BLADE, and the last to relieve himself of financial responsibility for the paper.

The California Voice (not New York) is for Demarest and Bidwell for President and Vice-President in 1892. John Wannamaker is a Prohibitionist, and if he would get out from among the Republicans would make a strong candidate.

The New York Voice is fussing at the alleged Christians who will not assist in the Prohibition cause. One preacher goes for the Voice to the effect that what the Voice is doing is calculated to disparage the church. The Voice in its reply uses the word "lied." misery likes company.

They say that there was one of them that I didn't hit half hard enough.

The capital must come to Lexington, if the city has to pay \$300,000 to get it here. With the capital here, the streets all paved as third street is, and the city managed by Prohibitionists, Lexington would be the finest place in America to live.

Bob Cassidy complained to me that Col. Gribbins was libeling him through the columns of the Press. We shed tears together.

Will the gentlemen of the Council please listen to Engineer Totten's plan for building a big sewer down Vine street? and will they please not let any of the new street be put down on Main until the sewers are laid first?

The willipus-wallipus would not even do to prepare the macadam for the new brick street on West Third. What a jugger-naut to the political hopes of one Lexington ring that infernal machine was!

Brethren, please read what Committeeman Brooks says about the State fund, and send him, or Hon. Josiah Harris, at Paducah, your monthly pledge.

The Humane Exposition Journal, of Cincinnati, mentions Mrs. Dr. R. J. Porre, and Miss Mary Moore, and Miss Elliott, all formerly of this city, as taking prominent parts in the worthy purpose to which the Journal is devoted.

To All Readers of The Blade.

There are only five papers that go from this office complimentarily. They all go to the Young Men's Christian Association in this city.

Those who have subscribed for the paper for a year will please send me \$2. From this stockholders are not exempted.

Of those to whom the paper has been coming without their order, none are under any obligation to me for the paper up until this time.

Those who do not want it will please inform me, orally or by writing to that effect, and those who do want it will please send me the money for it, or inform me that they intend to do so at some reasonably early date.

In cases where papers are paid for by parties and sent to their friends, the parties receiving the paper will always receive a printed receipt, stating by whom paid.

In my absence money for me will be received and deposited for my office 53 East Short street.

Of course I would be glad to have people help The Blade and its cause, but I do not ask any body to do it who can not do so conscientiously, and consistently with their means.

Gradually Coming Together.

Moore is a crank on liquor and I am a crank on standard time, and I am beginning to think that we are both right.—Alderman W. W. Bruce.

May for Sale, and Grass for Rent.

I have fifty tons of the very finest pure timothy hay, that I want to sell, and which I will deliver in Lexington, and one hundred acres of good bluegrass, elegantly watered, that will be fine for winter grazing, that I want to rent, to CHARLES C. MOORE.

The "Nicodemus Act."

I said a few issues back, of one of my friends, that he did the Nicodemus act.

The friend is a minister, one of the best men in the town, one of the smartest men, and one of the best posted and most earnest Prohibitionists. He preaches it in his pulpit as every consistent Christian minister is bound to do, and will soon deliver a discourse here upon that subject to the W. C. T. U.

Some people thought I meant to cast a slur upon the Prohibition minister, I hope that any body who thinks that will get the New Testament and read the 3rd and 7th Chapters of John, that tell about Nicodemus.

He was one of the meekest in the Bible. I wish readers of The Blade would make a habit of reading the New Testament in connection with it.

If any preacher in this town ever gets to be half as good a man as Nicodemus he may thank his stars for it, for he will get a harp in the sweet by and by.

ADDISON HADLEY'S

We Present a Farm to the Millions W. C. T. U. for a Girls' School.

Addison Hadley and Martha Jane, his wife, a well to do couple of Hadley, near Indianapolis, Ind., decided as a free gift to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Indiana a fine farm of 110 acres to be used as the location of an industrial school for girls.

The only condition imposed by the donors is that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union shall have in hand a fund of not less than \$3,000 by Feb. 1, 1891, with which to erect and suitably equip buildings for the school.

Over \$6,000 is already subscribed, and there will be no difficulty in securing the cash sum by the time set. The formal transfer of the property was made the occasion of a celebration and jubilee.

A board of trustees composed of the following persons was appointed to control the property: Mrs. Mary E. Haagart, Indianapolis, president; Mrs. L. M. Beck, Bloomington, vice-president; Miss L. E. Reed, Indianapolis, corresponding secretary; Miss Alice V. Hastings, Richmond, recording secretary; Miss Mary G. Hay, Indianapolis, treasurer; Mrs. J. R. Nichols, Indianapolis; Mrs. Caroline Elgerdon, Durhett; Miss Mary Hadley, Indianapolis, and Mrs. C. C. Hodgin, Richmond.

The purpose of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is to make the Hadley school most comprehensive in its scope. Instructions will be given not in all kinds of housework and sewing, but in small fruit growing, floriculture, gardening, dairy work, poultry raising and other farm pursuits adapted to women. The school will be open to needy girls from all parts of the state free of charge, and girls who are able to pay will be admitted upon the payment of a small fee.

A PARTY WELL NAMED.

A True Prohibition Party Striking at Many Political Evils.

Those who object to the Prohibition party on account of its name are requested to ponder this from The Beacon:

The name neither implies nor suggests but one distinctive purpose. Prohibition is what is needed in regard to existing evils, not reform. Reform means to "form anew." Evils should not be formed anew; they should be prohibited, bidden.

Speculation in stocks, grain, etc., should not be reformed; it should be prohibited.

The wrecking of railroads and watering of stock should not be reformed, but prohibited.

The oppression of the poor should not be reformed, but prohibited.

The formation of artificial monopolies should not be reformed, but prohibited.

Private management and control for personal profit of natural monopolies should not be reformed, but prohibited.

The importation of paupers and criminals should not be reformed, but prohibited.

The corruption of voters and legislators by the use of money should not be reformed, but prohibited.

The sale of alcohol should not be reformed, but prohibited.

And so on in regard to the other evils with which the country is cursed. We have been jolly-dallying with the cry of "reform" for a generation. It is time for the people to learn that the way to deal with an evil is not to reform, but to prohibit it.

A Labor Reformer Speaks.

Addressing a meeting recently in Wales, Mr. Ben Tillett, a well known labor reformer, said:

He was very old, either as a teetotaler or anything else, but he had lived long enough to know that the drink traffic was the curse of the country; he had lived long enough to know that in his work as a social reformer, one of the greatest obstacles to be removed was the appetite for drink. He believed that if working men and working women were to give up drink they would increase their wages, but, above that, they would improve morally and physically as well, and they would also increase in that spiritual wealth which make a man or woman bend cheerfully to the task on life, looking beyond to the future of felicity.

I hate the drunk for a thousand reasons. My life was made one of misery, one of want, one of which I felt the sharp pang of hunger from the age of 7 till I was a young man, owing to the drink. It robbed me of a mother's care and sent me out on the world a walf at the age of 7. Because it robbed me of my father's manhood and ate my mother's heart away I hate it.

After an earnest appeal to his hearers to do your level best to help your fellow men to do without it," Mr. Tillett said he believed that during the dockers' strike it was teetotalism that held 100,000 men in check for six weeks and guided them safely to the material advantage they had long been crying for.

Vermont Moves.

In the legislature of Vermont a measure has been introduced regarding all the present Prohibitionary laws on the statute books, a move made necessary by the recent election of the United States at Topica.

Stone Island W. C. T. U.

The R. I. W. C. T. U. at its late state convention adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, that we will give to that national political party which best crystallizes in its declaration of principles those for which we stand, viz., recognition of God in government; entire Prohibition of the liquor traffic; extension of educational privileges and opportunities for woman, our sympathy and co-operation.

A Catholic temperance section is one of the features of the World's fair.

A BARRIER TO PROHIBITION.

High License Increases Consumption, Foster Crime and Hurts the Citizen.

Writing to The Chicago Leader, Samuel W. Packard, Esq., says:

The following table shows the amount of "bribe money" which the Chicago saloon keepers have paid during the last eight years simply to satisfy and stave off the consciences of voters who were getting aroused upon the temperance question:

TABLE OF CHICAGO SALOONS.

Amount
Year. Total Fees. Expenses Schools.

Charles L. Moore
Editor

Another Element.

The Convention in adopting 26th section of this new-fangled Bill of Rights, not only attempts legislation, but arrays against its work the stock raising interests of Kentucky. The section reads:

"Lotteries and gift enterprises are forbidden, and no privileges shall be granted for such purposes, and none shall be exercised, and no schemes for similar purposes shall be allowed, nor any other species of gaming. The General Assembly shall enforce this section by proper penalties. All lottery privileges heretofore granted are revoked."

There is such a thing as virtue run mad.—*Covington Commonwealth*.

The above from the *Covington Commonwealth* is quoted in the *Lexington Transcript*.

The *Commonwealth* complains that there is danger that the Con-Con will damage the great horse interest of this State by making laws against gambling.

The *Transcript* publishes this extract without note or comment, like Baxter bibles.

In journalism, this tactics of the *Transcript* is known as the "two horse act," in allusion to the facility with which the performer in the saw dust arena steps from one horse to the other as occasion serves.

The *Transcript* sings bass in the choir of the Presbyterian Church. If a Presbyterian preacher walks into the sanctum of the *Transcript* it can show this extract from the *Covington Commonwealth* and moralize upon the religious degeneracy of the day. If a gambler comes in, the *Transcript* can, with a smile of approval, show how it is helping the *Commonwealth* to get it in for the Con-Con.

Of all the papers in the State of Kentucky outside of the city of Lexington, this *Covington Commonwealth* is the only one that has tried to blast the efforts of the *BLADE* against the liquor inquiry. It joined with the *Transcript* in its effort to encry Prohibition, and ever since then there has existed between these two sheets a Herod and Pilate congruity.

There is in this city what they call a pool room, of which a number of good citizens said to me that it did more harm than any saloon in the city, and I have been especially asked to call the attention of the proper officers to it.

It seems like an absurdity to do so as the establishment is as well known as almost any business house in the city; the Mayor, Chief of Police, Commonwealth's Attorney and Grand Jury foremen all knowing that it is in regular and daily business operation.

I have been told by a gentleman in a clothing house in this city, that that pool room takes so much money from the young men of this city, that it seriously affects the clothing business.

Not only has no newspaper in this city, so far as I know, failed to make an insinuation against the propriety of this establishment, but the *Transcript* goes just as far as it will dare go, in furnishing aid and comfort to this establishment, by publishing what the Commonwealth says against the Con-Con's proposition to suppress gambling.

The biggest stockholders in the Bluegrass *BLADE* are race horse men, and there is not one of them that does not respect my denouncing the pool-room, and feel a contempt for the *Transcript's* unhandy way of encouraging it.

If I am not telling the truth let the *Transcript* get the statements of any or all of the following gentlemen that I am misrepresenting them.

These gentlemen have all paid their stock in the kindest and most gentlemanly manner. They are Major B. G. Thomas, Milton Young, Louis and Gus Straus, W. C. France and W. T. Withers.

Messrs. France and Withers are trotting horse men, and Mr. France is a Prohibitionist. One other horseman not so prominent as these has paid his stock, and two others have not as yet done so, but I am not at all uneasy about their subscriptions.

This Lexington pool-room is just the kind of a place the Covington *Commonwealth* wants to foster, and concerning which the *Transcript* is playing the non-committal. Their argument for the support of an institution of this kind is that its destruction by the machinations of the Con-Con would ruin the horse interest of the State.

The Bluegrass region is the greatest horse region of the world, and these names are the very cream of the Bluegrass turfmen, and there is not one of them that the Commonwealth or the *Transcript* can find that will endorse the sentiment of the above extract.

Beside these, I have a letter from the Hon. Hurt Boswell, the owner of "Nancy Hanks," containing \$2 and a jolly endorsement of THE *BLADE*, which

I do not publish, simply because he put me under oath not to do it.

Dr. W. L. Elmore, another fine horse man—a great, big, handsome, noble-souled man, with a heart full of Kentucky's bluest blood, whose father was one of my parishioners when I was a preacher—takes stock in my paper, and then orders \$10 worth of *BLADES* to be sent to his friends at his expense.

Suppose the *Transcript* interviews them and tries to get them to endorse the views of the Covington Commonwealth. The section reads:

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Lexington Wants the Capitol, and Wants It Bad.

I met banker E. D. Sayre and citizen McCarthy, on the new brick road they are just about finishing on West Third street. We agreed that it was the finest road we had ever seen; and two, if not all of us, had seen pretty nearly every kind from the Boulevards of Paris, to the bully muds of Lexington.

I said to them, "If we can pave the whole city like this, and bring the capitol here; put all the saloons out of this city, and put the city into the hands of sober, intelligent and moral men, we will have the grandest town in the United States to live in."

Then I was sorry to hear both of them object to bringing the Capitol here, and they made the same argument that many of our most moral and sensible citizens are doing, namely: That the presence of the Capitol here would be degrading to our people.

Well, it is a sweet state of affairs when it gets to be, not a joke, but an actual business opinion of some of our most successful businessmen, that the men who make laws for this State are people to be shunned just as the best society of this city shuns contact with many of the denizens of Vine or McGowen streets.

It simply must not be that way. We must not only vote the \$250,000 to bring the Capitol here, but if, when we have it, these backwoods counties, or even the Bluegrass counties, send drunken ruffians here to represent them, we must take them up and put them in jail, or in the Workhouse, just as we would any other ruffians.

These fellows might run over a little town like Frankfort, but they could not come it over this place, if we get the town into the hands of the right kind of men, and try to stop it.

I know how it is myself; I was a college boy in a small town. A half dozen of us would undertake to have a little fun, and there would not be my body in town, except deaf people, that would get a straight hour's sleep from dewy eve to early morn any Saturday night, and we would all be fresh for church on Sunday. And I have done it many a time.

But you let the boys of one of these colleges here cut up shimes of that kind, and they will find themselves jugged by the cops on Sunday morning, and Monday morning they will find themselves in the Police Court, under the glance of the Adonis, or Apollo Belvedere, who wears the cravat in that temple of justice.

There is one favorable feature in the opposition to the Capitol's coming here, by such a man as Mr. Sayre; and that is, if the poor people of the country find out that these big rich men don't want the Capitol here, the poor white trash and the niggers will want it here, just for spite, and when the vote comes to be taken on it here on the 24th of November, they will snow under Mr. Sayre and his people by a million majority.

[For The Blade.]

The Mystic Voyage.
What is this trust, this mission of life,
That Heaven has placed in mortality's
keeping?
There's nothing but mystery in warp
and in woof;
We take up Fate's sickle and go out to
the reaping.

The Past is a ghost that through memory
haunts us;
The Future's a phantom on Time's
shore ever shifting;
The Present's a quicksand that sinks us
we reach it;

Then glides to Eternity and leaves us
but drifting.
What is our duty on this ship we call
Mystic,

Sailing on ocean so trackless and wild?
Shall we toil at the ropes in search of a
harbor,

Or sleep 'mid the tempests like a tired,
trusting child?

The children of earth wear a look in
their faces

That asks in mute eloquence by tan-
gible unsafe,

From whence and whither? yet no answer
is given—

The secret is sealed, as the lips of our
dead.

The prince and the pauper, the bishop and
the layman,

Are compassless pilgrims on this un-
known sea;

The sage and the infant, the king and the
subject,

Have all searched in vain for the mys-
tical key.

Whatever the design of this strange ex-
istence,

We are all on the plain and can't scale
the heights;

For men and for women, for servant and
master,

In solving life's problem off have
equal rights."

—JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

Versailles, Oct. 21, 1890.

Col. Breckinridge Would Not Answer Dr. Chin's Questions About Liquor and Democracy.

[Correspondence.]

I sent the questions that were published in The Blade last week to Col. Breckinridge, and wrote as follows:

DEAR SIR.—You will probably remember that soon after your election I met you and remarked in a joking way that I had voted for you on the faith I had in your Presbyteranism, and at the second election as my faith was somewhat weakened. I did not vote, and my third vote may depend on the answers you may give to the enclosed queries. I am satisfied if any one can give satisfactory answers to the public, you are the man.

Truly yours,

J. G. CHINN.

August 27, 1887.

REPLY TO THE COLONEL.

DEAR DR.—I esteem your vote for me a great compliment. I sincerely regret you could not see your way clear to vote for me again. With great labor and an honest purpose to serve this district and the country, I tried to perform the duties imposed upon me so as to deserve the support of all good men; so shall I strive during this term of Congress. With sincere respect for the many good and manly qualities which I have admired in you, I am

Very Truly Yours,
W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE

You will discover there is no allusion to the questions and the following is my reply:

September 2, 1887.

DEAR SIR.—Yours of August 28th was received a few days since. I sincerely thank you for your complimentary remarks. In reference to myself, but confess I was disappointed that you made no allusion to the questions asked. I have always regarded it as the right of any one to ask of their representative information on any desired subject, but by your silence am I to understand you as denying that right?

I insist on explicit answers to each question on your reasons for declining. For I am anxious to know what answers would be given, and yet advocate the licensing of saloons, which I understand to be the Democratic policy. With sentiments of great respect I subscribe myself

Truly Yours,
J. G. CHINN.

—

To the above no reply was received, and ordinarily such treatment would be considered an insult, but in this case, not believing my offense, I took no offense; for I really sympathized with the Colonel, believing at heart he is as much opposed to the saloon as I am, but he knew he could not give satisfactory answers to the public without injury to the Democratic party, and endangering his election, but I confess I should have thought better of him if he had so said.

Truly Yours,

J. G. CHINN.

DEAR SIR.—I leave it with you either to publish this or the article you have, or reject both, without any offense, for I write alone for the good of the cause.

Truly Yours,

J. G. CHINN.

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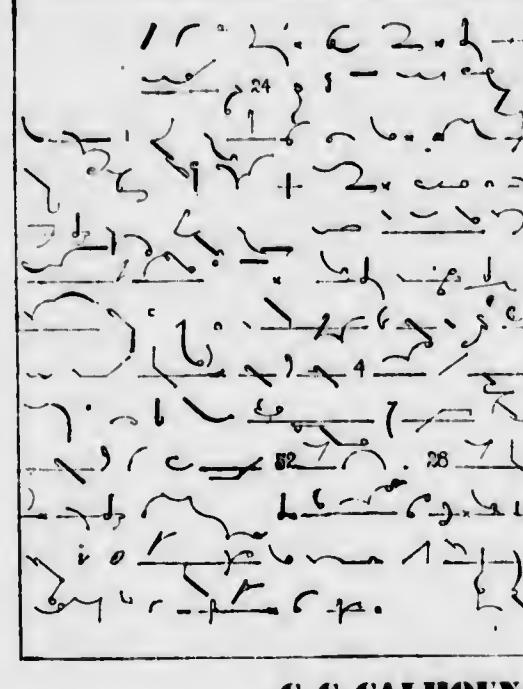
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Religious Notice of a Great Interest

Father Huntington will preach again to-night at St. John's Church at 7:30, and to-morrow at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. At the Court House Monday evening, at o'clock, he will address the people on the "Single Tax" question. Everybody is cordially invited to come

Bad Run of Luck—Rev. Huntington.

What I regarded